

"Bracero" Shall Be Your Name Here

Words by Henry Anderson (after Woody Guthrie)
Music by Marty Hoffman

There's hunger and drought on the plains of old Mexico.
There's drought and there's hunger in Mexico's hills.
The workers are drawn to our own U.S. border
In hopes of a contract to work in our fields.

Is this the best way we can grow our great orchards?
Is this the best way we can gather our harvests?
Exploiting poor workers who're desperate and hungry --
Exploiting poor workers a long way from home?

They load you in boxcars to ship to the border.
They ship you at night so that no one shall see.
You won't have a name when you work in my country --
"Bracero," "bracero" shall be your name here. (Chorus)

Say goodbye to your wives, and goodbye to your children.
Goodbye to your friends, and the hills you called home.
For all these goodbyes are a part of your contract:
American crops need your bodies alone. (Chorus)

They feed you on beans, but the managers charge you
A dollar and seventy five cents a day.
They give you so little and take back so much
That there's hardly a thing to send home from your pay. (Chorus)

You get fifty cents an hour if you're lucky --
A man can't compete with the wages so low.
The growers are using you, Juan and Diego,
To keep local labor all migrant and broke. (Chorus)

The crops are all in and the fruit is all gathered;
The cotton all ginned, and the produce all packed.
The growers have used you as long as they wanted;
Your contracts are over -- they're shipping you back. (Chorus)

You worked in the lettuce, you worked in the cotton,
You worked in the peaches, you worked all our crops.
Through the work that you did, you put food on my table:
My salads are your tears, tomatoes your blood. (Chorus)

How long will America live with this shame?
How long will America let these men weep?
How long will we live on this harvest of sorrow --
The harvest of loneliness these men have reaped? (Chorus)

I'm sorry, Miguel; I am sorry, Juanito,
Jesús and Diego; I'm sorry, amigos.
You won't have a name when you work in my country:
"Bracero," "bracero" shall be your name here. (Chorus)

MEN OF THE SOIL
(Words: Harold Hildreth)
(Tune: ???)

Men of the soil, we have labored unending.
We have fed the world upon the grain that we have grown.
Now, with the star of the new day ascending,
Giants of the earth, at last we rise to claim our own.
Justice throughout the land,
Happness as God has planned --
Who is there ~~xxx~~ denies our right to reap where we have sown?

Men of the soil, now the torch we have lighted
Kindles fire in every land where rings the harvest song.
Shoulder to shoulder in courage united,
From every race we come to join the tillers' mighty throng.
Earth never shall eat again
Bread gained through blood of men.
We have sworn to right forever more the ancient wrong.

Men of the soil, we are coming in judgment
To tell the world till justice rules there is no liberty.
We in our strength are arising as prophets,
Marching on to show the world the dawn that is to be.
There's a lightning in the sky,
There's a thunder shouting high.
We shall never stop until the sons of men are free.

COMIN' THROUGH THE FIELDS
(Tune: "Comin' through the rye")

If a worker join a worker
For a mutual cause,
Growers fuss, exploiters cuss,
And find a thousand flaws.
Every good cause has its battle;
Face the foe like steel.
Show you're made of solid metal,
Comin' through the fields.

Grower crats may join together
For an enterprise;
If farm workers join together,
How the grower cries!
Everybody organized,
Let farm workers, too --
They have just as many rights
As other people do.

THE BROTHERS

Upon this soil, upon this greenest earth --
In separate fields, I and another.

We reap the fruits our separate labors grow.
There is a fruit of greater worth:
When we together harvest, we shall know
The land's rebirth --
I and my brother.

Once on a weary plain we chanced to meet --
Two strangers there, I and another.
We had no path for our uncertain feet.
Together we explored the way;
We built in common, and we walk today
A new-found street --
I and my brother.

On this deep, everlasting earth we stand --
A multitude -- I and another.
Although we toil and live upon one land,
We pass in silence and forget.
But if we pause together, we shall yet
Walk hand in hand --
I and my brother.

Throughout the warring and the striving blind,
Men always seek, as ages wind,
A wider oneness and a larger sky.
Within our two hearts there is curled
This wider oneness and a sky more kind
For all the world --
My brother and I.

I AM FAR FROM THE SOIL WHERE I WAS BORN

far

~~How far~~ I am from the soil where I was born,
I think of my home land
And my little field of corn
Far and away. Like a windblown leaf,
A windblown leaf, am I. I should like to cry
Because of grief.

Oh, land of the sun,
I sigh for your sight,
Now that so distant
I am gone without love, without light.
Sad and alone, like a windblown leaf.
I cannot cry, but I should like to cry,
Because of grief.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS A CORNFIELD

As we plant our seeds, we think,
How beautiful is a cornfield!
As we sow, we ~~think~~ imagine tassled heads,
And we are joyful, and we sing.

If the seeds begin to sprout,
Aided by the hand of God,
Green fields from what we have sown
Shall be the reward we are given.

When the rain begins to fall
Who is there that is not glad?
It is a sign to everyone
There will be food in the land.

Gold by itself has no value;
We must have corn to live.
Gold is only a means used by those
Who grow nothing with their hands.

Now the field begins to flower.
The stalk is heavy with maize,
Bearing the life of mankind --
The holiest thing on earth.

How beautiful is a cornfield!
Green plants with tassled heads.
This year, if God is willing,
We shall have enough to eat.

ARKANSAS HARD LUCK BLUES

Lonnie Glosson

Matrix C 1543-1

Perfect

Now folks I'm gonna tell you a little something now about myself.
You know I come from down in Arkansas.
I live down there on a little farm where the land is so poor
You have to put fertilizer around the telephone poles
Before you can talk over the wires.
But nevertheless, its a fine place to be from, folks.
You know I was born down there in Arkansas
-ea, and I can remember the first day I was born, too
There was three of us kids
We was all layin' side by side on the bed.
I heard the door slam and the old man, he come in.
He walked up to the bed and he just takin' one look at us.
He ollerred to my maw, she was in the kitchen gettin dinner.
He says "All right, Lize,"
Says "Come on in here,"
Pick out the one you want,"
Ses "We'll drown the rest of 'em."

You know folks, there's just seventeen of us kids,
There's eight boys
Seven Girls
And two other children.
You know I had but a little age on me
When the old man said
"Son, you gonna' have to get out
And make your own livin' from now on,"
He says, "I'm tared of feedin' you around this place."

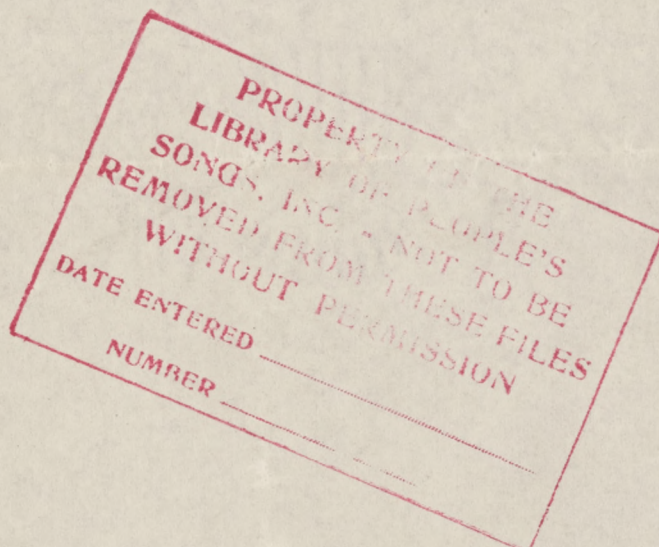
Well I stuck out folks
And here's just what happened ever since.
You know I've been bawled out
and bawled up,
"elt down &
And held up,
Bull dog, black jack walked on and chewed
Squeezed and mooched for war tax
Excess profits, state, dog, and sin tax,
Liberty bonds, and baby bonds,
And the bonds of matrimony.
I've been red crossed,
Green crossed,
And double crossed, folks.
I've been asked to help the society of John the Baptist,
~~Christian~~ The GAR Womens! Corpse

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and relief Corpse
I've worked like heck and I've been worked like heck, folks,
I've been drunk
And got others drunk.
Lost all I had
And part of my furniture
Because I won't go around now and spend what little I earned
And go bed, borrow, and steal,
I've been cussed at
And discussed.
Boycotted, Talked to, and talked about,
Lied to, and lied about,
Held up and hung up, and I'm doggone nigh ruined.
Now the only reason that I'm stickin' aroun' now, folks,
Is to see what in the heck is a'gonna happen next.
Now folks if that isn't hard luck, just tell me what is.



PO' Work
(orig. Po(Farmer)

Work all week, don't make enough
To pay my board and buy my snuff.
It's a hard, it's hard
It's hard on wepoorworkers
It's hard.

Work all week in the noonday sun,
15 cents when Saturday come.

Every morning when I get up
Got to all day pick and all day cut.

Every night when I get home,
Peas in the pot and the oldjaw bone.

New verses for Penney's Farm

Haven't old George Penney got a flatteringmouth?
Move you to the country in a little loghouse.
Got no windows but cracks in the wall,
He'll work you in the summer and rob you in the fall.

You'll go in the fields and you'll work all day,
Way after night but you getno pay,
Promise you meat or a little bucket of lard,
Well, ain't it enough to make you tired?

BACK TO ARKANSAS

Lois Judd, The Towsack Tattler, Arvin Migratory Labor Camp, Oct.20,1939.

We left our home in Arkansas about a year ago
To find a job away out west; we'd find it sure, you know.
First to Oklahoma, we broke our backs in two.
Trying to get that cotton. Two months and we were tyrough.
From there to Paducah, Texas, we started once again
To find some more old cotton. To meit was a pain.
Just one week's work, the oldman said. You're just a little la e.
But on to Arizona, the cotton it is great.
So Arizona was our next stop; notbroke, but badly bent.
For when we locked into our purse, we found wehad one cent.
We went to work that afternoon; of course you know 'twas cotton.
Pretty soon a sandstorm came and sent us in a-trotting.
~~The more you work, the more you want, the more you want, the more you want~~
(add verses on California)
But someday soon -- we can't be wrong --
We're going back where we belong.
It may be soon, itmay be late,
But whene er it is, it will be great.

IT'S A WONDERFUL UNION (TUNE: OLD TIME RELIGION)
Southern Tenant Farmers Union (repeat twice), it's good enough for me.
It's a wonderf l union (repeat twice), it's good enough for me.

It will help when we'reevicted, etc... It will organize the hungry, etc...
It will help when we're arrested, etc... It will aggravate the growers, etc...

New verses to Seven Cent Cot
 Seven cent cotton and fofry cent meat,
 Cheeks are gettingthin, cause we don't eat.
 Try to raise peas, try to raise beans,
 All we can raise is tornip greens.

Funny how with prices and such a rain,
 Poor old 'cropper is always short hanged.
 Forty cent meat and seven cent cotton,
 makes a fellowmad when he's treated rotten.

Title? Tune? Source?
 (miners' union song???)

I'm going around the world, babe of mine, I'm going around.
 Im going around the world
 I'm going aroundit twice,
 And I'm going to get organized, bab ofmine.

I'm going to North Carolina,
 Going to take a boat to China...

I'm sure that you'll agree,
 That we got to fight, you see,
 And we got to get organized, babe of mine.

Well, we got to win this race,
 Put the bosses in their place,
 And we got to get organized, babe ofmine.

See the workers' ~~xixxxxx~~ kids and wives,
 We're compell d to save their lives,
 And we're going to get organized, babe of mine.

Etc.

Handwritten musical notation for a miners' union song. The notation is written on five-line staves with various chords (G, C, D7, E7, A7) and lyrics. The lyrics are: "I'm going around the world, babe of mine, I'm going around the world. I'm going around it twice, I'm going around it twice and I'm going to get organized, babe of mine." The notation includes notes, rests, and bar lines, with some parts being handwritten and others possibly typed or corrected.

Farmers' Solidarity
(Tune: Scotch workers song)

There's two words that's in the air:
Farmers Solidarity.
'Tis the solgan everywhere:
What Solidarity.
What makes bankers, lawyers 'fraid
What will help the farmers brave
What will make the grain trusts rave?
Farmers Solidarity.

All you farmers come about
Farmers solidarity.
It will scare the bankers stout
What solidarity.
What will make the farmers win
What will change the bankers grin
What will hit him on the chin?
Farmers Solidarity.

All for one and one for all,
That's solidarity.
Farm slaves listen to the call of
Solidarity.
There is naught it cannot do,
It can make the world anew
Farmers, it is up to you
Use Solidarity.

Farmers, workers must unite
Toilers solidarity.
Farmers, workers, show your might,
Real Solidarity.
You have one common enemy ~~who makes you~~
Who keeps you both in slavery
Toilers we need unity
Real Solidarity

(Farmers Second National Conference,
11/15/33)

Farmers Unite

Conditions they are bad,
and some of you are sad... etc.

COOPERATION IS OUR AIM
(Tune: tavern in the town)

Cooperation is our aim (is our aim)
We ~~may~~ thru it we'll surely gain (surely gain)
Our rights as men who till the fertile soil
And feed the hungry of our land!

Come on farmers, don't you tarry.
For we need Tom, Dick and Harry
to help us fight these unjust laws we take (must
take)

So, organize, ch, organize (the juniors, too)
There's plenty work for all to do (all to do)
So start right in, there is no time to lose
Organize! Organize! Organize!

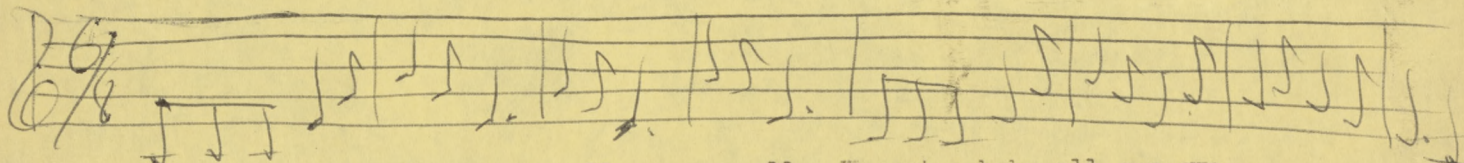
Union Button

(Tune: round her neck she wears a yellow rib)

Now upon his coat he wears a union button,
He wears it in the winter and the summer so they say
And if you ask him why the decoration
He says, "I'm in the union and I'm in to stay."

In to stay (In to stay) In to stay (In to stay)
And he wears it milking cows and mowing hay!
So around the town he wears a union button,
He says, "I'm in the union and I'm in to stay"

(Last two from Singing Farmers, FU,
3501 E 46th Ave., Denver 16, Colorado)



We got a baby all our own, all our own, all We got a baby all our own,
our own. the Farmer-Labor Party.

- (2) My but the bab sure has grown, etc. (3) Just a young kid but can he talk, etc.
(4) Just a young kid but can he sock, etc. (5) Bright young kid did the cutest stunt, etc
(6) Went and socked an elephant, etc. (7) Smart young kid knows what to do, etc.
(8) Went and slapped a donkey too, etc. (9) We're all soproud of what he did, etc...
(10) We're all going to joing the kid, etc...

Fight! Fight! Fight!
(Tune: on wisconsin)

Farmers Union, fa mers union,
Hear the call to arms.
Step into the ranks for justice,
For the man who farms.
Hear the bugle! Hear the bugle!
Rise with all your might,
Fight Farmer-Union Soldier,
Fight. Fight! Fight!

Farmers Union, Farmers Union,
Raise your battle cry,
Break that line of opposition
Every foe defy
Etc.

(Farmers Union Program Service, June, 1936)
Battle Hymn of the Farmers Union
(Words: G.R. Ingram)

I have seen a glorious Vision of the Dawning of the Day,
When the Shackles of the Farmers will be burst and cast away,
When his soul shall be redeemed from Economic Slavery,
The day is drawing near!

Glory, glory, hallelujah....the day is drawing near.

I have heard the organizer plead for farmers' unity,
So a mighty farmers Union from their ills can set them free
From the Serfdom on their farmsteads to complete equality
The day is drawing near.

It is up to you my brother to get in the fight today
And save your friends and loved ones from a life of peasantry
And the rising sun of freedom will your strife and toil repay
The day is drawing near.

IN MY HEART

~~IN MY HEART~~

Time?

- by John Handcox

I don't want to be like the planter in my heart, in my heart.
I don't want to be like the planter in my heart.

In my heart,

In my heart ,

I don't want to be like the planter in my heart.

I don't want to be like Deputy Peacher in my heart, in my heart,
I don't want to be like Deputy Peacher in my heart.

In my heart ,

In my heart,

I don't want to be like the Deputy Peacher in my heart.

(Repeat, for Governor Futrell, Senator Robinson, etc. or whoever you want. Or leave out the 'don't' and insert name of leader, of union etc. as below

I want to be like Gardner Jackson in my heart, in my heart.

I want to be like Gardner Jackson in my heart.

In my heart,

In my heart,

I want to be like Gardner Jackson in my heart.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
33333
FARMERS LAMENT (Tune? Source?)

I've pruned all the apples and hauled brush away,
Ma ured the currants and seeded the hay.
Spring work is over and summer has come --
Sure hope this season is better than some.

The apples are setting so mix up a spray
Before the curc lio carts them away.
They scab and the codling moth work busily
They each choose an apple and leave none for me.

Boom goes the thunder and splash comes the rain.
Fine for the farmer, the city folks claim.
The orchards are flooded, the corn's beaten down.
And the roof of the barn has blown half way to town.

The apples are scabb , the currants have rot;
There isn't a pestilence we haven't got.
The grapes are all mildewed, the cherries are, too.
But I'm too damn busy to start feeling blue.

Here comes the buyer with tears n his eyes,
Telling so sadly his wonderful lies.
He lives in the poorhouse and goes almost bare --
The way that wetreat him it really ain't fare.

He don't make no money, he can't pay his rent.
His profit's a measly four undred percent.
He's really an angel, he's misunderstood --
So give him your shirt, boys, like good farms should.

Now harvest is over, I ain't got a cent.
I'm callous d and s n burned, my back's badly bent.
K'm just a ut r ptured, my fee are so fore --
Sometimes I wonder just who I work for.

ACRES OF APPLIES

Tune: acres of claims

Words: Lester Rice (New York Farmer Union)

I came to the mid-Hudson valley,
A-many a ~~year~~ long year ago;
I spent all my time in the orchard,
a-making those red apples grow.
a-making those red apples grow-O-cw,
a-making those red apples grow.
And thinking each year as I la cred,
That some day I'd make me some dough.

I sprayed em and sprayed em and sprayed em;
From early in April til fall;
Those trees were so loaded with apples
You couldn't see green leaves at all (repeat twice)
And what did I get for those apples?
A nickel a pound for them all!

I've sold in my time enough apples
To feed the whole state of New York.
But I never have had enough money
To buy me a good roast of pork (repeat twice).
The apples are grown in the valley;
the money is made in New York.

But now I am joining a union,
A union of farmers like me/
I'm tired of paying the broker
that hundred and ten percent fee (repeat twice)
I'd like just a little left over,
A little leftover for me.

And now that we're all in the union,
Some people had better get wise,
They've stolen our left and our right arms,
but we're damned if we'll give them our eyes (repeat twice)
The next time they come to the valley
We'll cut down those (chiselers) to size.

WHEN THE CROPS COME ROLLING IN

Pete Seeger and Ernie Marrs

We're a weary, ragged army;
We're dirty as all sin.
But we work to feed a nation
When the crops come rolling in

The farmer did the planting;
God made the seed sprout then.
But its us that does the picking
When the crops come rolling in.

We work both late and early,
But our paycheck's mighty small.
If it gets any s maller,
We won't get paid at all.

Some live in fancy mansions --
We go from shack to shack.
With the crops, we'll be forgotten
Till next year brings us back.

There's a better day a'coming.
We'll be treated more like men,
If we organize a union
When the crops come rolling in.